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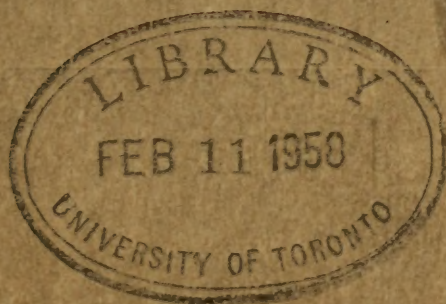
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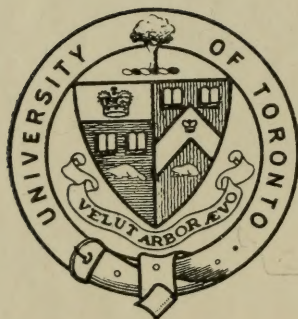




# In the Shadow of the Dole



By  
Morte H. Craig



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Graduate of the University of Toronto,  
and eminent Canadian geologist,  
explorer, and scholar



*Do you ever dream of a sunlit day,  
When the smell of the pines was a draught of wine,  
And the slanting summer sunbeams lay  
At the hour of midnight on your mine?*

# In the Shadow of the Pole

By Harte W. Craig

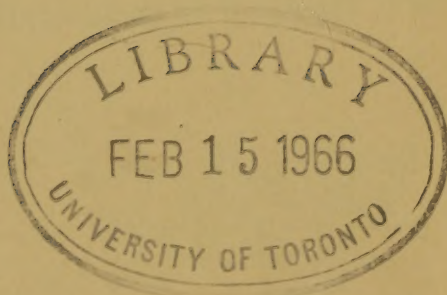
Second Edition  
First edition having been entirely  
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## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

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### BECAUSE WHY

THESE few pages are compiled and presented to the Linger-Longers of the Yukon Valley on the impulse of the passing moment, and as the direct result of a suggestion from a too kindly critical friend.

Realizing the glamour of friendship, the author finds far more encouragement in the fact that it is the initial effort of anything of the kind ever offered to the people in Dawson—that the town needs something in the way of a purely topical souvenir, and that most of the selections have been copied and published all over the continent.







# IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

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## DEDICATORY

To that band of restless spirits who unloaded their shining tinware and spotless tents at the head of Lynn Canal in Eighteen Ninety Seven, this souvenir of the Yukon is dedicated.

No spot on the round green earth, in any of the world's big migratory moves, has been so greatly honored, for the genial, witty, whole-souled brain and brawn of an empire, cinched their packstraps there.

True it is that they were distinctly of the earth, earthy—the accumulation of riches being their one feverish impulse, their single purpose; but brave and manly—you bet.

They did not come from that class of men who falsely mark down their prices six days in the week to deliberately plunder the poor, the down-trodden, the hopeless and helpless of our big cities, and then wiggle into their great stone churches to rant on Sunday.

They did not fear their God—they loved Him—and stood before Him in the ball room, at the theatre, on the crowded thoroughfare or in the still and lonely hours of the night, unharmed and unalarmed, with a smile on their happy faces and their heads thrown proudly back.

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

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Big hearted fellows who seemed to feel that life was a pure and simple matter of sow and reap, and that God could easily be found without searching through the chancels of a church.

Men who, in the old trail days, would drag in the belated wanderer, peel his mackinaw, fling it over the ridge rope and absorb him into the circle, when a pound of food and a steaming cup had cost their weight in blood, bone and sinew.

Religion? They had none. Direct and daily contact with the elements of God had torn away its false wrappings, until the warm, rich heart, quivering with brotherhood, was uncovered, and the blood red ruby of all religions was revealed—the brotherhood of the children of God.

“One touch of nature makes the whole world akin,” and in the great abundance of human sympathy, unleashed by the bitter hardships of the trail, they found themselves blending into one vast family and began to realize that earthly ties were purely physical, the highway over which the soul travels in the journey to its human casket—the convenience of nature; and that the before and after relation of one soul to another remains unchanged in the eternal arrangement, by its transitory life on earth.



## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

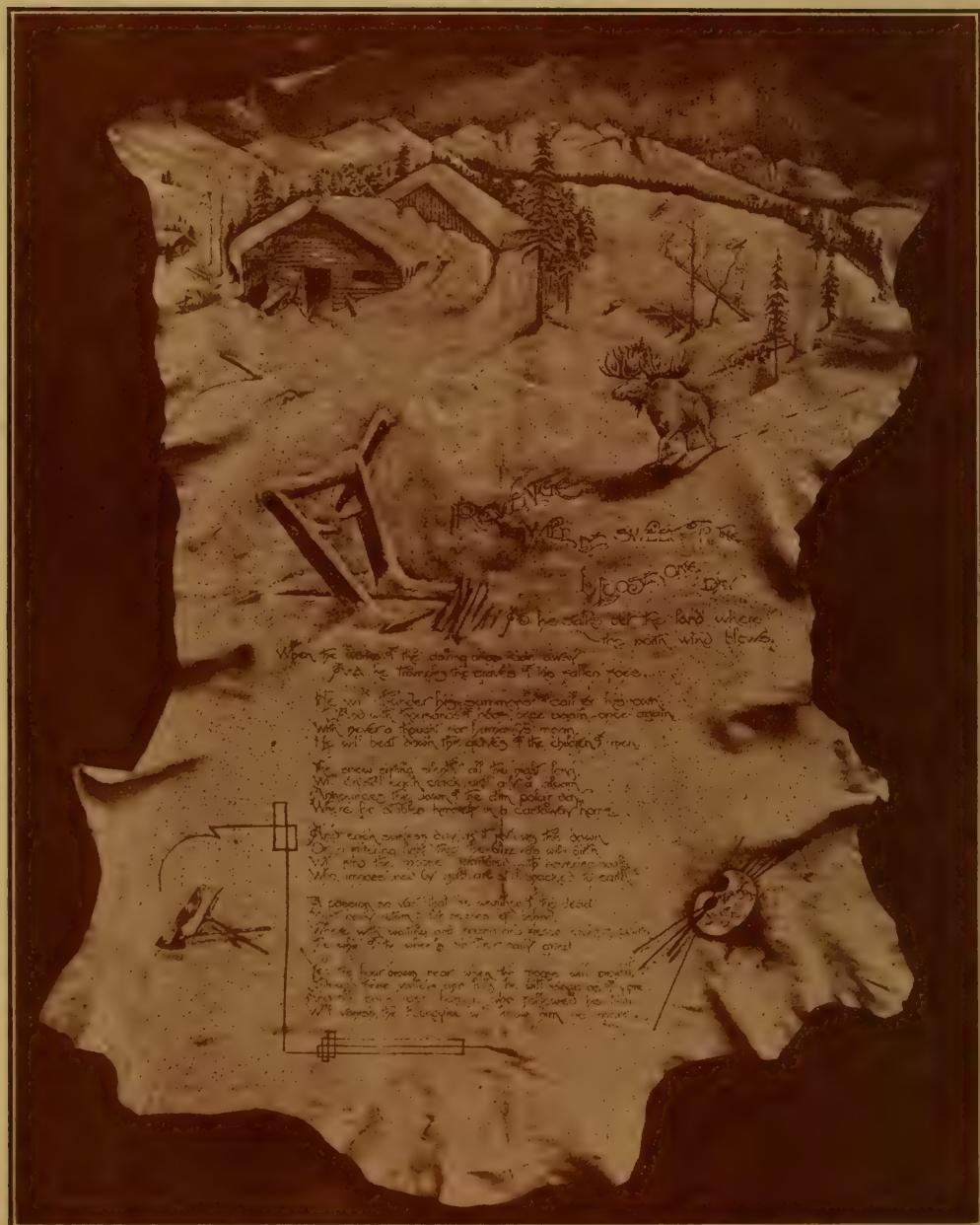
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The tenets of their faith taught them that God was all wisdom and love and power. Being all wisdom, He could not create without a clearly defined purpose in His creation. Being all love, that purpose could be for no other than for the good of the object He created, and being all power He could not fail in doing what His wisdom planned and His love dictated.

But swear when things went wrong upon the trail—you should have heard them! It was their one safety valve; and when the blue flames sufficiently purified the atmosphere, refreshed and invigorated, they inhaled deeply of the disinfected ozone—and mushed on.

Some have conquered, fawning at the feet of this far-away shrine, by a chance turn of the wheel some have conquered; some are sleeping in the glaciers, but most of the old push are still stampeding somewhere on the face of the grand old earth under the scourge of the world's jockey, in their mad race for wealth and happiness combined—that unearthed diamond, that unrisen star of human destiny, which can never be realized until they awaken on the tomorrow of death. Wherever they are, God and the women love them, for they are of the brave ones of the earth.

# IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE



REVENGE  
WILL BE MINE  
BY GOD ONE DAY

He has made all the land where the north wind blows.

When he looks at the coming day and sees  
That he has made the world of his own hand...

He will be a father to the fatherless  
And will be a mother to the widow  
Who has no father nor husband nor  
He will be a father to the fatherless...

He will be a father to the fatherless  
And will be a mother to the widow  
Who has no father nor husband nor  
He will be a father to the fatherless...

And each morning day, as I look down  
On the things that I have made with my hand  
And the more I see of the world  
The more I see of the things that I have made...

A vision on the wall of the world  
That I have made with my hand  
And the more I see of the world  
The more I see of the things that I have made...

For the hour comes near when the world will be  
A vision on the wall of the world  
That I have made with my hand  
And the more I see of the world  
The more I see of the things that I have made...

For the hour comes near when the world will be  
A vision on the wall of the world  
That I have made with my hand  
And the more I see of the world  
The more I see of the things that I have made...



## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

### REVENGE WILL BE SWEET

*Revenge will be sweet to the moose one day  
As he stalks o'er the land where the north wind blows,  
When the works of the daring ones fade away  
And he tramps the graves of his fallen foes.*

*He will thunder his summons and call for his own,  
And with thousands of hoofs, once again, once again,  
With never a thought for humanity's moan,  
He will beat down the graves of the children of men.*

*The snow sifting silently all the night long,  
Will crystal each crack, until only a gloam  
Announces the dawn of the dim polar day,  
Where he stables himself in a castaway home.*

*And each sunless day, as it follows the dawn  
Of a filtering light thro' the blizzard's wild birth,  
Will find the moose quartered with hovering souls,  
Who, impassioned by gold, are still shackled to earth,*

*A passion so vast that the wraiths of the dead  
Must daily return to the scenes left behind,  
Where with waiting and longing and fierce racking pain,  
The whirl of the wheels did their daily grind.*

*Yea, the hour draws near when the moose will prevail,  
Through these valleys and hills he will range as of yore  
And the pack-laden human who followed his trail  
Will vanish, the Klondyke will know him no more.*

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---



### A KLONDYKE VALENTINE

TONIGHT as I sit in the Klondyke vale,  
My fancy takes flight over the river and rail,  
To where, in those halcyon days gone by,  
We were together—you and I,  
And I find myself wishing to God that you,  
In you far-away home under skies of blue,  
Often think of the boy who so longs for the sight  
Of your beautiful eyes,—  
And your kisses tonight.



## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

I light my tobacco, its powers invoke,  
And presto! your astral shines out of the smoke,  
A face of sweet beauty, a form of rare grace,  
Half hidden by billows of shadowy lace.  
You hover above me, O vision divine,  
And your dear, dreamy soul passes quickly to mine.  
So I sit here and silently long for the sight  
Of your beautiful eyes,—  
And your kisses tonight.

A rich, mellow perfume, while memories roll,  
Brings the flavor of age to the wine in my soul;  
You fill up the glass, dainty sweetheart of mine,  
And I feel like a man who is drunken with wine.  
Your soft, gentle voice pulses down thro' the air,  
And I thrill with the thought that it murmurs a prayer—  
A prayer for the boy who so longs for the sight  
Of your beautiful eyes,—  
And your kisses tonight.

On the breast of your astral, oh, lady o' mine,  
Let me pin with a nugget my heart's valentine!  
*That the gold in the Klondyke in naught can compare  
With the velvety meshes of gold in your hair.*  
The wine of your breath and the touch of your hand  
Seals my senses in sleep in this shadowy land.  
I slumber, and sleeping I long for the sight  
Of your beautiful eyes,—  
And your kisses tonight.

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---



**O***H, the names of the dreamers were legion,  
And the dreams, slightly varied, were one,  
When the Argonauts recklessly hurried  
To the land of the Midnight Sun.*



ODE TO THE YUKON

**G**REAT Yukon, 'rouse from centuries of sleep,—  
Awaken thou from slumber long and deep;  
Spring into life reincarnated land,  
Thy natal day, a-tremble, is at hand!

Thou who hast passed through darkness and through  
gloom,  
And lain for senseless aeons in the tomb,  
Shake from thy mighty breast each throb of fear,  
The envoys of the world await thee here.

The old earth trembles in her labor pains;  
The rich blood pulses thro' her frozen veins;  
And lo! while the stars sing an anthem grand,  
She leaps from the darkness, this new-born land.

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

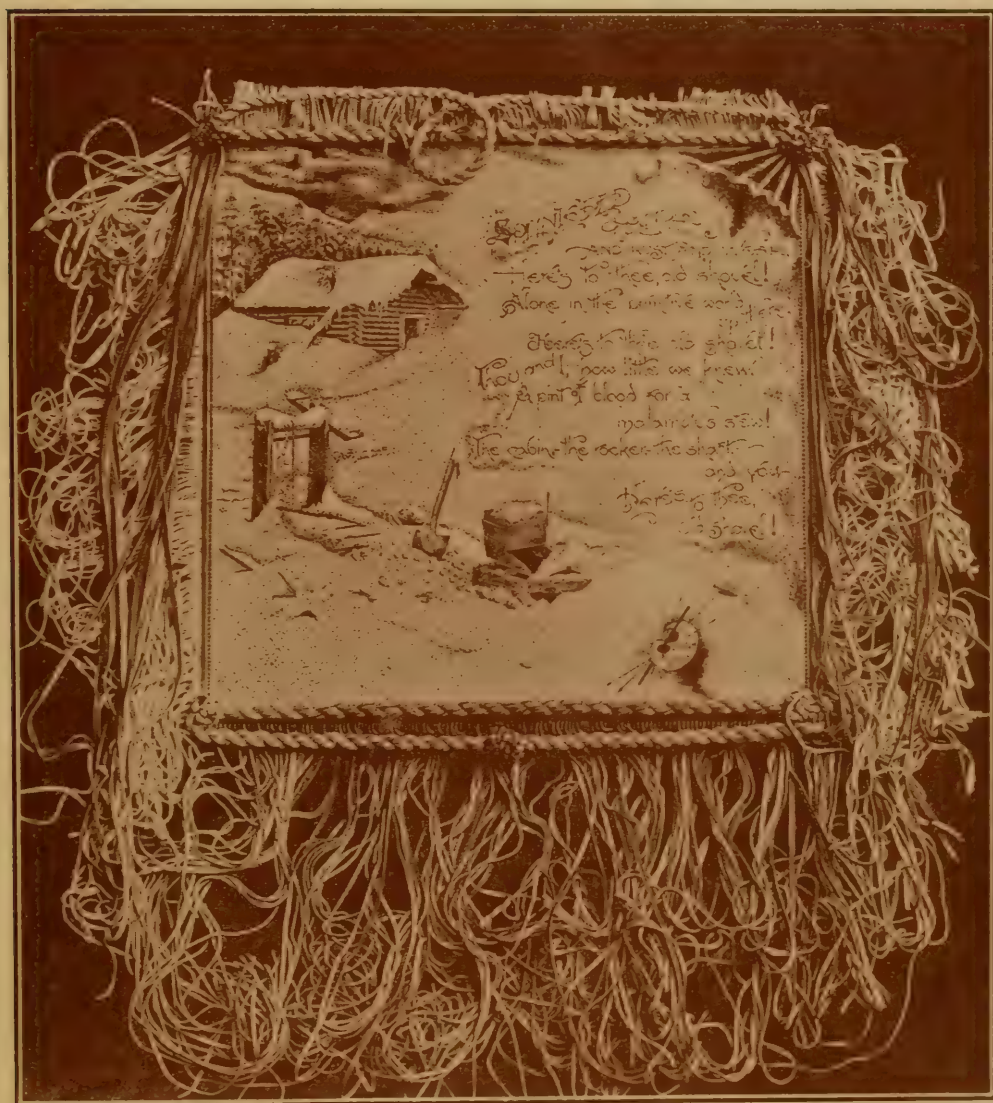
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Propitious is her star beyond compare;  
While still the summons trembles on the air,  
The pennant of her greatness yet lies furled,  
She breathes forth millions to enrich the world.

Roll on through space, thóu mighty Yukon, roll!  
Press back the gloomy shadows to the pole!  
Give, to all nations, of thy vast domain,  
And flood thy countless acres with a golden rain.



# IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE





IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---



ONCE again the snow is falling on the Klondyke;  
In the southern sky the sun is burning low;  
While the Arctic shadows deepen in the valley,  
Our mem'ry flies to days of long ago!

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---



**W**HEN we climbed the mighty steps across the summit,

Our hearts were light as any frothing wine,  
And when our boat sailed proudly down the Yukon,  
No human pulse beat fairer then than mine.

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---



**S**OME are dead and some are fled, while others,  
toiling,  
Thro' the frost of many winters, still are here;  
Doing all they can to keep the kettle boiling,  
Where the shadow of the pole lies dark and drear!



IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE



IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

KNOWEST THOU THE LAND

**T**HE lang'rous ones of the siren South  
Where mad red roses blow,  
Where mock birds trill in the sable hours,  
The nightworms all a-glow,  
Knowest thou the land in winter,  
Where the sunbeams never fall,  
And the North Pole flings its shadow  
When the Christmas carols call?

**T**HE lang'rous ones of the siren South  
Where sweet magnolias bloom,  
Where sighing zephyrs sweep the land  
And mighty forests loom,  
Dost ever dream in your splendor  
Of aeons long ago,  
When ye reared your sons and daughters  
Where the Northern Lights now glow?

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

ATLANTIS sated on the wines  
And kernels of the earth,  
Defied the wrath of heaven

And a new world found its birth.  
Its men of science rent the veil  
Which human vision bound,  
And sacreligiously began  
To search the realms beyond.

BACK yonder fifty cycles,  
More years than tongue may tell,  
God cut the old world's moorings  
And a cataclysm fell—  
The earth swerves from its orbit,  
On land the waters roll  
The Pole is at the Tropics,—  
The Tropics at the Pole.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---



A TRIBUTE TO THE LADIES OF  
ST. ANDREW'S BALL

THE fairest flowers on earth were there  
In dainty gowns and jewels rare,  
With rounded arms and shoulders bare,  
At Saint Andrew's ball in Dawson.

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

'Twas the prettiest picture ever painted  
For the saintiest saint that was ever sainted;  
Why, even Rafael's spirit fainted  
At the sight of our girls in Dawson!

With her rosy cheek and her sparkling eye,  
Her little "moue" and her happy sigh,  
We danced with her, didn't we—you and I,  
At St. Andrew's ball in Dawson?

And didn't we prop up her pedestal higher,  
Divinely enrobed in her richest attire,  
'Mid the glint of her jewels, a-flame and a-fire,  
At St. Andrew's ball in Dawson?

Yea, little we recked of the beautiful earth  
From the day of the dance dating back to our birth!  
'Twas the ladies, the dancing, the music, the mirth,  
And St. Andrew's ball in Dawson!

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

And how sadly we noted the waning of night,  
When we saw that the angels were pluming for flight  
Through an ether of sighs as they vanished from sight,  
And St. Andrew's ball in Dawson!

\* \* \* \* \*

The ball has came and the ball has went,  
And today it is only a past event;  
But the dearest things in our lives are blent  
With Saint Andrew's ball in Dawson.





## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE



*As we pioneered together  
In that God-forsaken weather,  
The story twenty volumes couldn't tell.  
They were always just before us,  
With their black wings floating o'er us—  
The guardians of that Chilkoot hell.*

# IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

## LIFE



**A** CLASP—a kiss, and a hearth laid bare!  
Now many a saddened woman's there  
In that far away home under skies of blue,  
Sobbing and loving, and trusting and true—  
Weaving some prayer that the angels above  
May watch over, guard and protect her love,  
Who is spending his gold in the dance halls here,  
Where women are rife and Black Jack dear—  
And that is life—that is life!

# IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

## LIFE



**O**N mountain side and in dark ravine,  
With hands all white, and hearts all clean,  
Keeping the vigil the angels keep,—  
Other boys lie in their dreamless sleep!  
Fighting the battle of life they died,  
And in unknown graves by the river side  
They lie there, waiting the judgment day!  
Alas! for the sweethearts far away—  
And that is life—that is life!





REVERIES

# IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

## REVERIES

**W**HEN the shadows fall in the mellow years  
And the breezes of twilight blow,  
When the fever of youth with his banner furled  
Lies chilled under crystals of snow,

When flitting visions steal away  
In the fanciful ember's glow,  
And you turn the pages, one by one,  
Of the beautiful long ago,

When you reach the vale where the sun hangs low  
And the soul with its God is rife,  
Do you think you will fail to remember the day  
When you called your sweetheart—"wife"?

Dawson, Jan. 20th, 1908.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE





## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---



**B**ACK again to their homes in a far distant clime,  
To the friends of their youth in the old, olden time;  
Back again they go—gaily go,  
          Bounding along,  
          Over river, rail, mountain and plain,

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

Tho' they find the vines fruited  
                    And glowing the sky,  
The days long and happy, sans sorrow, sans sigh,  
    On the mystical shores of their  
        Dreams may they try  
                    To be with us again and again.



## A FEW RANDOM SKETCHES

Written for the Dawson ball programs

Perhaps (quien sabe) out there their laughter  
Will turn to sobs of sorrow after  
They reach that splendor of sunny skies,  
Perhaps they may yearn for this valley of lies,  
But they're going in spite of all.

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

Let the music ring out in its wildest strain  
And dainty feet patter in rythmical rain,  
While the half of yez feast let the ones that remain  
Dance extras! extras! extras!



'Tis the 14th of November,  
In after years remember,  
When all these pretty girls are fled and gone,  
That no feet flew ever quicker,  
And no floor was ever slicker,  
Than the A. B. Hall of Dawson in the Klondike.



## IN THE SHADOW OF THE POLE

---

In a whirl of delight let us revel tonight,  
For the season of dancing is waning;  
The sluicing's begun and the Midnight Sun  
Bids us work while the tools are in training.

---

Reck lightly, my children, of dull days after,  
Lave deep in the present and music and laughter,  
For the king of the fiddle is still in the land,—  
All hail "Hiawatha" and Victor Durand!

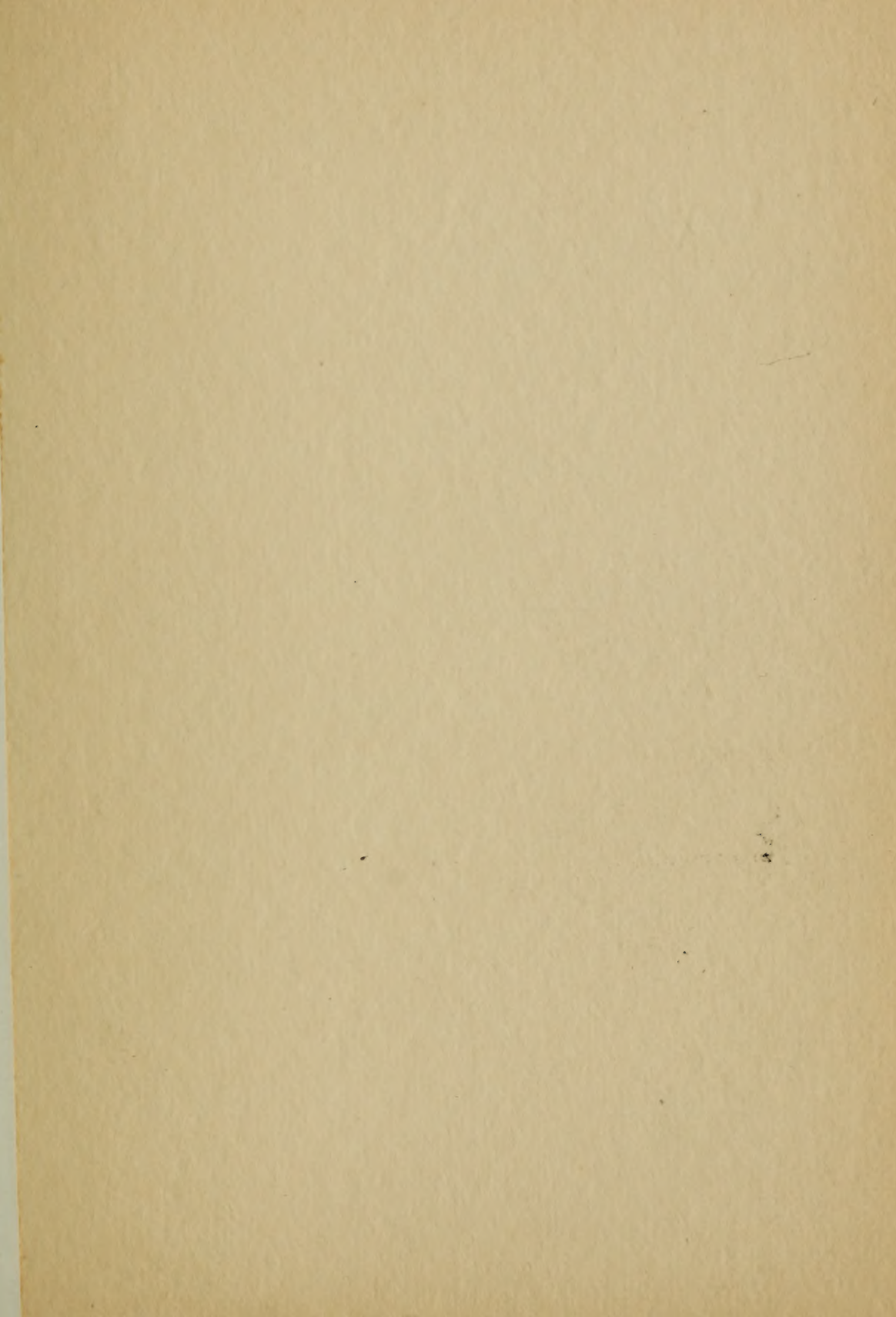


At times, when you muse over memory's urn,  
And the old days of Dawson troop up in their turn,  
Uncover this picture and hail with a tear,  
The ball and the hall and the friends that are here.













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